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INTERIOR OF BURNS' KITCHEN,

AT MOSSGIEL, BETWEEN AIR AND IRVINE.

The building, of which the above is partly interior, rendered sacred by being once the residence of the inspired Burns, is a very plain farm-steading. Being situated at the height of the country between the vales of Ayr and Irvine, it has a particularly bleak and exposed appearance, which is imperfectly obviated by a very tall hedge, and some well-grown trees, which gather around it, and beneath one of which, the poet is said to have loved to recline. The domestic accommodations consisted of little more than a butt and a ben—that is, a kitchen, and a small room. The latter, though in every respect most humble, and partly occupied by fixed beds, was far from being uncomfortable. Every consideration, however, in the mind of the spectator, sinks beneath the one intense feeling that here within these walls, warmed at this fire-place, lived one of the most extraordinary men that ever breathed; and here wrote some of the most celebrated poems of modern times. The place has one touching recollection above all others—that it was the scene described in the opening of his beautiful Vision:—

> There lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
> I sat and eyed the spewing reek.
> * * * *
> All in this mottie misty clime,
> I backward mused on wasted time,
> How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
> And done nae-thing,
> But stringing blethers up in rhyme,
> For fools to sing—&c.

The house is, in every respect, exactly in the same condition as when the poet lived in it. It was occupied by his brother Gilbert [died May, 1827,] down to the year 1800, and since then has had but one tenant.

"The character of Robert Burns, his life, his merits, and his deplorable frailties, have been considered and appreciated in the most candid, interesting, and impartial manner, by his brother Gilbert Burns, by Dr. Currie, Dr. Stewart, Dr. Adair, and Allan Cunningham. They have extenuated nothing, but have spoken of him as he was; and their narratives raise alternately our admiration and our regret. They paint his principles and his conduct at perpetual variance, joined to a certain turbulence of disposition and of passion to which every temptation was ruinous, and every indulgence was fatal:

> Æstuat ingens
> Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
> *Et furis agitatus amor, et conscia virtus!*

"I think that greater liberality might have been prudently exerted to obtain a man destined to bear up the full fame, and the dignity

of THE POET OF SCOTLAND; for A MAN, I say, who had described himself to *his countrymen* (and can they *now* read the words without barren shame and passionate remorse!) as "half-mad, half-fed, and half-sarkit,"* than by the strange and unaccountable occupation which they conferred on him. That all the nobles and all the chemists of the north could not discover, in the whole table of affinities, a more *sympathetic ink* for a poet, than that of an *Exciseman*, may raise something between a smile and indignation in the less enlightened children of the south.

"As to the originality of Burns's genius, and of his commanding faculties, there can be but one opinion. To the harmony and to the force of his English verse, every ear assents with delight; and to his Scottish poetry, his countrymen have borne that decisive testimony which natives alone can confer.

"But, I am told, that to estimate the character of Burns with justice, we should have seen him in his happier hours, and should have marked the dignity of his natural deportment, the animation of his eye, and the power of his colloquial language.

"His sentiments, *the flash and outbreak of a fiery mind*, often republican, but always patriotic, and with the old *national* attachment, yet unextinguished, in his breast, claim our admiration or excuse, rather than our censure, in a man of such overbearing powers out of their place:

His track, where'er the poet roved,
Glory pursued, and generous shame,
The unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame!†"

The above sketch of his kitchen was taken in the autumn of 1839.

THE SABBATH.

CREATOR, whose command divine
Hath called the day of Sabbath thine,
Hath hallow'd it and blest,
How oft its peace and calm delight
Our ever-busy souls invite
To share its holy rest!

And is it, Lord, too rash to say,
That with thy blessing on the day
An outward peace is giv'n,
A respite of unwonted calm,
An air that breathes a sweeter balm,
The special boons of heav'n?

Or, if it be but fancy's dream
That makes the day of Sabbath seem
So tranquil, and so fair;
If not, indeed, the storm is still,
The Christian more secure from ill,
And more serene the air.

There is at least a peace of soul
Beyond the changing sky's controul,
In every Christian's breast,
A heart that glows with gratitude
To Him, all-pow'rful, and all-good,
Who gave the day of rest.

And if the sky forget to smile,
The cheerful villagers the while,
In festive garments drest,
Display an outward scene of peace
That bids their daily troubles cease,
Upon the day of rest.

Each heart'ning as the Sabbath-bell
Rings out its cheerful note, to tell,
The coming hour of pray'r,
The young and fair, the old and weak,
The sacred dome together seek,
To praise their Maker there.

O may we ne'er forget to raise
Our hearts in thankfulness and praise,
While with existence blest!
O may we never cease to share
The blessings of the Father's care
Who bids His children rest!

E. M.

* Half-clothed, or, rather, half-skirted. The words are taken from a poem called "The Vision." Part 1.
† Pursuits of Literature, 4to. edit., pp. 387-8.

SONG.

THE VISIONS OF MEMORY AND HOPE.

The Poetry and Music by W. Hardy, Jun.

EV'NING's soft zephyrs their fragrance diffusing,
Mournfully sigh as they whisper to me;
While on past pleasures fond fancy is musing,
And scenes that no more I may see.
The spirits of once happy hours linger near,
But where are their treasures, their gay sunny smiles?
Enshrouded in sadness and gloom, they appear
More phantoms from memory's isles.

Silently gliding like shadows before me,
Forms of the absent the sever'd, the dead,
Rise to remembrance,—but can they restore me
The joys that are perish'd and fled?
Ah! no! but to visions of hope they give birth:—
The loved ones whose spirits return to the sight
Of those they have left on this desolate earth,
Are minist'ring angels of light.

Robed in bright splendour, and beauty unfading,
Arm'd with the power of seraphs above,
Soon they dispel all the clouds that are shading
The hearts of the dear friends they love.
Though sorrow and pain may embitter this life,
Bless'd visions of mem'ry and hope break the gloom,
Illuming our pathway through peril and strife,
To glories beyond the dark tomb.

TWO TOMBS.—A CONTRAST.

POTEMKIN,—the illustrious—the powerful, who not only governed all Russia, but even made the haughty Catherine his suppliant, obtained a grave at Cherson, where the benevolent Howard terminated his glorious career. Mysterious providence, by events always remote from human foresight, had wonderfully destined that these two men, celebrated in their lives by the most contrary deeds, should be interred nearly upon the same spot. It is not within the reach of possibility to bring together, side by side, two individuals more remarkably characterised by every opposite qualification, as if the hand of destiny had directed two persons, in whom were exemplified the extremes of virtue and vice, to one common spot, in order that the contrast might remain a lesson for mankind. Potemkin, bloated and pampered by every vice, after a path through life, stained with blood and crimes, at last the victim of his own selfish excesses. Howard, a voluntary exile, enduring the severest privations for his fellow creatures, and labouring to his very latest breath in the exercise of every social virtue.

THE PICKER AND PILER;

OR, A CLEARAGE BY FIRE.

The timber-tracts which lie contiguous to the rivers of the West, offer to the refugee and desperado of every description a resource from want, and (in their own opinion) from crime, which is seized upon by all at least who are willing to labour. The owners of the extensive forests, destined to become so valuable, are mostly men of large speculation, living in cities, who, satisfied with the constant advance in the price of lumber, consider their pine-trees as liable to nothing but the laws of nature, and leave them unfenced and unprotected, to increase in size and value till the land beneath them is wanted for culture. It is natural enough that solitary settlers, living in the neighbourhood of miles of apparently unclaimed land, should think seldom of the owner, and in time grow to the opinion of the Indian, that the Great Spirit gave the land, the air, and the water to all his children, and they are free to all alike. Furnishing the requisite teams and implements, therefore, the inhabitants of these tracts collect a number of the stragglers through the country, and forming what is called a "bee," go into the nearest woods, and, for a month or more, work laboriously at selecting and felling the tallest and straightest pines. In their rude shanty at night they have bread, pork, and whiskey, which hard labour makes sufficiently palatable, and the time is passed merrily till the snow is ripe for sledding. The logs are then drawn to the water sides, rafts are formed, and the valuable lumber, for which they paid nothing but their labour, is run to the cities for their common advantage.

The only enemies of this class of men are the agents, who are sometimes sent out in the winter to detect them in the act of felling or drawing off the timber, and in the dark countenances around the fire, at the bar-room of a small tavern, I read this as the interpretation of my own visit to the woods. They soon brightened and grew talkative when they discovered that I was in search of hands to fell and burn, and make clearing for a farm; and, after a talk of an hour or two, I was told, in answer to my inquiries, that all the "men people" in the country were busy "lumbering for themselves," unless it were ——, the "Picker and Piler."*

As the words were pronounced, a shrill neigh outside the door announced the arrival of a new comer.

"Talk of the devil—" said the man in a lower tone; and, without finishing the proverb, he rose with a respect which he had not accorded to me, to make room for the Picker and Piler.

A man of rather low stature entered, and paused to drive back his horse, which had followed him nearly in. I observed that the animal had neither saddle nor bridle. Shutting the door upon him without violence, he exchanged nods with one or two of the men, and giving the landlord a small keg which he had brought, he pleaded haste for refusing the offered chair, and stood silent by the fire. His features were blackened with smoke, but I could see that they were small and regular; and his voice, though it conveyed in its deliberate accents an indefinable resolution, was almost femininely soft and winning.

"That stranger yonder has got a job for you," said the landlord, as he gave him back the keg and received the money.

Turning quickly, he detected me in a very eager scrutiny of himself, and for a moment I was thrown too much off my guard to address him.

"Is it you, sir?" he asked, after waiting a moment.

"Yes—I have some work to be done hereabouts, but—you seem in a hurry. Could you call here to-morrow?"

"I may not be here again in a week."

"Do you live far from here?" He smiled.

"I scarce know where I *live*, but I am burning a piece of wood a mile or two up the run, and if you would like a warmer bed than the landlord will give you—"

That personage decided the question for me, by telling me in so many words, that I had better go. His beds were all taken up, and my horses should be taken care of till my return. I accordingly resumed my furs and wrappers, and declared that I was ready. The Picker and Piler had inspired me, and, I knew not why, with an involuntary respect and liking.

"It is a rough night, sir," said he, as he shouldered a rifle he had left outside, and slung the keg by a leather strap over the neck of his horse; but I will soon show you a better climate. Come, sir, jump on!"

Without more ado, I sprang upon the animal's back, a Canadian pony, scarce larger than a Newfoundland dog; and holding on by the long tuft upon his withers, suffered him passively to plunge through the drift after his master. The Picker and Piler strode on before, the pony following like a spaniel at his heels; and after a half-hour's tramp, during which I had merely observed that we were rounding the base of a considerable hill, we turned short to the right, and were met by a column of smoke, which lifting, the moment after, disclosed the two slopes of a considerable valley enveloped in one sea of fire.

We approached a pine of gigantic height, on fire to the very peak, not a branch left on the trunk, and its pitchy knots distributed like the eyes of the lamprey, burning pure and steady amid the irregular flame. This burning tree, however, was the first of a thousand; and as the pony turned his eyes away from the intense heat to pass between it and a bare rock, I glanced into the glowing labyrinth beyond, and my faith gave way.

* From "Romance of Travel, or Tales of Five Seas."

"If you find the heat inconvenient," said the Picker and Piler, "cover your face."

Sheltering the sides of my face by holding up the corners of my wrapper with both hands, I abandoned myself to the horse. I observed, by the green logs lying immediately along our path, that we were following an avenue of prostrate timber which had been felled before the wood was fired.

I had lost sight for several minutes of the Picker and Piler, and presumed by the pony's desultory movements that he was near the end of his journey, when, rounding a shelfy point of rock, we stood suddenly upon the brink of a slight waterfall, where a rude and temporary roof of pine-slabs drooped upon a barricado of logs, forming a low hut; and before the entrance of this, at the moment of my appearance, stood a woman and a showily dressed young man, both evidently confused at the sudden apparition of the Picker and Piler.

"My daughter!" he said, more in the way of explanation than introduction; and without taking further notice of the young man whose presence seemed so highly unwelcome, he poured me a draught from the keg he had brought. Venison was placed before us on the rock, and the young man, uninvited, and with rather an air of bravado, cut himself a steak from the haunch, and broiled it on the hickory coals. The Picker and Piler ate in silence, leaving me to be my own carver, and, finishing his repast by a deep draught from the keg which had been the means of our acquaintance, he sprang upon his feet and disappeared.

"The wind has changed," said the daughter, looking up at the smoke, "and he has gone to the western edge to start a new fire. It's a full half mile, and he'll be gone an hour."

I took up the rifle of the Picker and Piler, forgetting that there was probably nothing to shoot in a burning wood, and remarking that I would have a look for a deer, jumped up the water-fall side, and was immediately hidden by the rocks.

I had no conception of the scene that lay around me. The natural cave or hollow of rock in which the hut lay embosomed, was the centre of an area of perhaps an acre, which had been felled in the heart of the wood, before it was set on fire. The forest encircled it with blazing columns, whose capitals were apparently lost in the sky, and curtains of smoke and flame, which flew as if lashed into ribands by a whirlwind. The grandeur, the violence, the intense brightness of the spectacle, outran all imagination. The pines, on fire to the peak, and straight as arrows, seemed to resemble, at one moment, the conflagration of an eastern city, with innumerable minarets abandoned to the devouring element. At the next moment, the wind, changing its direction, swept out every vestige of smoke, and extinguished every tongue of flame; and the tall trees, in clear and flameless ignition, standing parallel in thousands, resembled some blinding temple of the genii, whose columns of miraculous rubies, sparkling visibly, outshone the day. By single glances, my eye penetrated into aisles of blazing pillars, extending far into the forest, and the next instant, like a tremendous surge alive with serpents of fire, the smoke and flame swept through it, and it seemed to me as if some glorious structure had been consumed in the passing of a thought. For a minute, again, all would be still, except the crackling of the fibres of the wood; and with the first stir of the wind, like a shower of flashing gems, the bright coals rained down through the forest, and for a moment the earth glowed under the trees, as if its whole crust were alive with one bright ignition.

"I have a good bed for you in the shanty," said the Picker and Piler, who had approached unheard in the noise of the fires, and suddenly stood over me; "and I have another guest to dispose of here."

I was not surprised, as I jumped upon the platform, to find him angrily separating his daughter and the stranger. The girl entered the hut, and with a decisive gesture, he pointed the young man to a "shake down" of straw, in the remotest corner of the rocky enclosure.

"With your leave, old gentleman," said the intruder, after glancing at his intended place of repose, "I'll find a crib for myself;" and accordingly laid down in a spot of his own choosing.

Being now left alone with him, the Picker and Piler opened to me the cause of his evident hatred to the young man who now slept.

"Some months since," said the Picker and Piler, in a voice husky with suppressed feeling, "I met the villain who sleeps yonder, accidentally, as I met you. He is the owner of this land. After engaging to clear and burn it, I invited him, as I did yourself, from a momentary fever for company which sometimes comes over the solitary, to go with me to the fallow I was clearing. He loitered in the neighbourhood awhile, under pretext of hunting, and twice on my return from the village, I found that my daughter had seen him. Time has betrayed the wrong he inflicted on me."

The voice of the agitated father sank almost to a whisper as he pronounced the last few words; and, rising from the rock on which we were sitting, he paced for a few minutes up and down the platform in silence.

The seducer slept soundly beneath his matted wall, and the rude door of the shanty was behind us. Leaving him to see phantoms in the air, as I thought, I turned my eyes to the drips of the waterfall, and was absorbed in memories of my own, when I saw the girl steal from the shanty, and with one bound overleap the rocky barrier of the platform. I laid my hand on the shoulder of my host, and

pointed after her, as with stealthy pace looking back occasionally to the hut, where she evidently thought her father slept, she crept round toward her lover.

"He dies!" cried the infuriated man; but as he jumped from me to seize his axe, the girl crouched out of sight, and my first thought was to awaken the sleeper. I made two bounds and looked back, for I heard no footstep.

"Stand clear!" shouted a voice of almost supernatural shrillness! and as I caught sight of the Picker and Piler standing enveloped in smoke upon the burning tree, with his axe high in the air, the truth flashed on me.

Down came the axe into the very heat of the pitchy flame, and trembling with the tremendous stroke, the trunk slowly bent upwards from the fire.

The Picker and Piler sprang clear, the overborne ash creaked and heaved, and with a sick giddiness in my eyes, I looked at the unwarned sleeper.

One half of the dissevered pine fell to the earth, and the shock startled him from his sleep. A whole age seemed to me elapsing while the other rose with the slow lift of the ash. As it slid heavily away, the vigorous tree righted, like a giant springing to his feet. I saw the root pin the hand of the seducer to the earth—a struggle—a contortion, and the leafless and waving top of the recovered and upright tree rocked with its effort, and a long, sharp cry had gone out echoing through the woods, and was still. I felt my brain reel.

Blanched to a livid paleness, the girl moved about in the sickly daylight when I recovered; but the Picker and Piler, with a clearer brow than I had yet seen him wear, was kindling fires beneath the remnants of the pine.

"FINE GOLD"—FROM THE GERMAN.

NO. II.

Nature's Nobility.

Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty: be without place or power, while others beg their way upward: bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery: forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown grey with unblenched honour, bless God and die.—*Heinselmann.*

Love and Longings for Nature.

We stand in as many, and as incomprehensibly various relations to nature as to man; and, as to the child she shows herself child-like, and bends benignly down to his infant heart; so to the god she shows herself god-like, and attones herself to his high spirit. We cannot say there is *one* nature, without saying something excessive, exaggerated; and discussions about nature only remove us farther from the natural. Much is already gained, when the effort fully to understand nature ennobles itself into a longing—a tender and humble longing, which even the cold reserved temper soon learns to delight in, if once it feels secure of a more intimate acquaintance with her. There is a secret attraction towards all points, from within us, diverging from an infinitely deep centre. As wondrous nature, sensible and insensible, lies round about us, we think every one of her features an exercise of attractive power, a manifestation of the sympathy which exists between her and us; but behind those blue distant mountains, one man seeks the home which they veil from his sight, the beloved of his youth, parents, brothers, sisters, old friends, dear recollections:—another thinks that, far on the other side, unknown glories await him; he believes that a future, full of life and beauty, lies hidden there, and he stretches his hands wistfully towards that new world. Some few stand motionless and serene in the midst of the glorious spectacle; they seek to embrace it only in its fulness and concatenation, but they forget not in the Whole that radiant thread which runs through and enlinks its parts, and forms the holy crown of light; such spirits are blessed in the contemplation of this living and more than midnight depth of floating beauty.—*Novalis.*

The Fading Year.

The year is dying away like the sound of bells. The wind passes over the stubble, and finds nothing to move. Only the red berries of that slender tree seem as if they would fain remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thresher's flail, calls up the thought, that in the dry and fallen ear lies so much nourishment and life.—*Goëthe, in Die Wahlverwandschaften.*

Sovereignty of the Head.

The heart of man is older than his head. The first born is sensitive but blind—his younger brother has a cold, but all-comprehensive glance. The blind must consent to be led by the clear-sighted, if he would avoid falling.—*Fred. Will. Ziegler.*

The Dead Kings of Wisdom.

There is a fable of former ages, which is grave and solemn, and may, to some, appear awful and terrible. They figured to themselves their forefathers, sitting on thrones in a circle, around large subterranean halls, mutely discoursing. When a new inhabitant entered, if he were worthy, they all rose from their seats, and bowed their heads to him in welcome.

Yesterday, as I sat in the chapel, and fixed my eyes on several other carved chairs over against the one on which I was sitting, this thought seemed to me most cheerful and agreeable. "Why canst *thou* not remain thus seated!" I asked myself, "why not calm, motionless, and wholly withdrawn within thyself,

romain seated, long, long,—until at length thy friends should come at whose entrance thou wouldst stand up, and motion them to their places with a friendly sign? The many-coloured casements turn the day into a dim and solemn twilight; and each must tend an eternal lamp, that the night might not be utterly dark." — *Goëthe, in Die Wahlverwandschaften.*

A HAUGHTY EMPEROR DISAPPOINTED.

It is related that a Turkish Emperor, who was desirous to have possession of the kingdom of Hungary, sent his ambassador to the king who then reigned, to demand his submission to his master. Instead of bringing presents, the ambassador brought a great number of asses loaded with corn. Arrived at the Hungarian court, he ordered the sacks to be untied and the corn poured upon the ground, and addressing himself to the king, said, "If you will not acknowledge the emperor, my master, as your sovereign, he will send as many soldiers into your country as you see grains of corn before you. The prince said he would give him an answer the next morning. Meanwhile, he brought together a great number of hens and chickens to the place, who speedily ate up all the grain.

At the time appointed, the king addressed the ambassador, saying, "Return, and tell your master, that my troops will deal by him and his troops, as my hens and chickens have done with his corn." As soon as the haughty emperor received this answer, he assembled a powerful army, and marched it into Hungary; but the king of Hungary being forewarned, had full time to prepare for his defence. Fortunately, there was a narrow and difficult *defile* that it was necessary to pass, before he could enter Hungary. The prince rendered it quite impracticable. Arrived at this pass, worn out and fatigued with their long and quick march, they found themselves unable to proceed, and were constrained to return, covered with shame, and filled with indignation.

THE STATE OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE.

The Jews are a peculiar people; peculiar in their origin, peculiar in the design for which they were called into existence; peculiar in their glory, peculiar in their humiliation, and peculiar in their laws and monuments which characterize them as a nation. "Dwelling alone," nothing has ever been able to effect their incorporation with the nations of the earth. It is an interesting thing to enter into the mind of these people; and to know the philosophy which they extract from surrounding circumstances; and their opinions and views in the present state of the world's history, on the eve of days in which they will, doubtless, occupy a not unimportant part in the proceedings of men, and the destiny of nations. The following review of the year 1839, from the *Allgemeine Zeitung des Judenthums*, a Jewish newspaper, published at *Leipsic*, affords us such an insight, which we do not doubt will prove curious and interesting to our readers.

"Years," says the chronicle," are milestones on the great path of life—they are not the end of our journey, nor even resting places for the weary; we only pass them, and notice their number. As the number increases, we sometimes feel urged to hasten on our course, as our aim is still remote. Sometimes, a feeling of pride will arise within us, when we consider the number already passed with undiminished strength. Yet, in them, we must seek for the tenour of our whole life. We see our joys and our sorrows strung together along their course, as it were on a thread; our losses, our earnings, are specified by them.

"Important events have taken place in *the East*—Constantinople and Alexandria contended for the supremacy; in the midst of the contest, the Sultan was called from the throne to the grave. This contest cannot be compared with those ancient Asiatic ones, upon the decision of which, depended merely the continuation or change of a certain dynasty, and by which the nations themselves underwent no total change; but here, events point towards the utter destruction of the true Oriental spirit, which can only be re-modelled on the foundation of European civilization. The Turkish, as well as the Egyptian potentates have conceived that it is only by adopting the great fundamental maxims of European policy, that the East can be inspired with new life. Long ago did the Egyptian grasp after the outward forms of European government, and relied on the material powers thereby required. But the Divan then caught the intrinsic vital principles of Europe, and purposed, thereby, to re-animate the people as a whole. Such being the state of things in the East, the Divan could not altogether overlook the great mass of Turkish Jews, and by a Hatti Scherif, intended to delineate the basis of the proposed transformation and renovation of Oriental policy, and embracing in general terms, all relations, the heads of the Jewish congregations were not only openly recognized, but the life, property, and honour of the Jews were placed under public jurisdiction—their military services accepted, and an equal share of taxation imposed upon them. Although the component elements of the East may be more or less able to follow out and realize these principles, yet by this general equalization, a prodigy was accomplished, and a path opened for true civil existence, without being accompanied by those pains and fears which were caused by hoping for the same in Europe.

In two other places also, did the Israelites of Asia and Africa feel the nearness of an European spirit. In the one, in *Aden* (Arabia), the mere presence of the English was able to break bonds and fetters, so that they

were no longer confined to a mechanical profession. In the other, in *Algiers*, it became evident that the French Government had an unfavourable influence with respect to the usual means of subsistence of the native Jews —that the channel of trade was diverted from their hands; but that still they were the only natives who with confidence approach European civilization, attend their institutions, and show their attachment to them. Here also civilization approaches with pains and losses, but the Jew of every part of the globe, is, of himself congenial to it, and its fundamental principle he possesses already by his religion.

We have seen in *Athens*, a congregation quietly formed under the protection of government, and in the possession of public regard. We have perceived in *Van Diemen's Land*, the second Australian congregation steadily and considerably increasing. Accounts from the Dutch colonies, *Paramaribo*, *Curaçao*, &c., state the flourishing condition of synagogues and schools; there, as well as in Philadelphia, are the doctrines of that faith preached in the language of the country.

If we first turn our eyes to the north of Europe, we hail as an extraordinary phenomenon, the proposal made to the Diet (Storthing) of *Norway*, for striking out the clause in the constitution, which prohibits Jews to enter the kingdom, and though in due course, this proposal cannot come under consideration within three years, yet the President has provisionally sanctioned it by declaring it his own.

In *Denmark*, indeed, the petition from the Assembly of the States at Roeskilde, for the eligibility of Israelites to the Assembly, was, for the present, set aside by the commissioner of the king, and the negotiations of the States of Holstein also, whose zeal, on occasions of the most trifling concessions to the Jews, was exerted as if the whole state was in jeopardy, had no result; but his majesty, King Christian VIII., gave, on ascending the throne, solemn promise to effect essential improvements in the state of the Jews of Holstein and Sleswick, and expressed his satisfaction at the position of his Mosaic subjects.

Russia has again improved and more definitely determined, by occasional decrees, the position of those Jews who rise above the mass of the multitude; Israelites may be elected magistrates or judges in towns; medical men may enter the public service in the south of Russia, though not in Poland; schools were encouraged where their want became apparent; the formulary of an oath was determined upon; Jewish peasants were put into possession of the rights of other settlers. But to the multitude, for whose reach honour and rank are still too distant, the elevating impulse has not yet arrived.

The Jewish question remains in *England*, *in statu quo*, with the exception of a few signs of life. During this quiet from without, there arose troubles from within. In the congregations of London, many insisted upon improvements in accordance with the spirit of the times; some called for complete renovation. A general meeting was convened, the first during ninety-five years, in which the majority appeared to be on the side of the old-fashioned party. Everything fell back into its former quiet, and the only consequences it seems to have had, is, the plan of founding a Bethhamedrash, in which instruction will be imparted in modern sciences.

Holland remains still the blessed country, where, by unalterable affection for the paternal faith, a suitable organization in community and school instruction is steadily going forward, under the auspices of a most gracious and enlightened government. We see everywhere a quiet, but ripening activity, and we have only to regret one thing, that the Israelites of Holland have not yet been animated by an aspiring genius, and elevating spirit; we must regret the shallowness of their tendency, wanting depth and solidity. King William evinced his liberality, which bestows its gifts to the glory of GOD, without respect of faith, on occasion of the building a synagogue at Maestricht.

We cannot pass over unnoticed, the fact, that also during this past year, the Israelites of *Paris* showed themselves worthy of the bright position they occupy—that they beleng to those who were most zealous to defend the order and the law against insurgents, and sealed their devotedness with their blood. Although Jews were found in the ranks of loyal opposition (the coalition), yet in the ranks of bloody rebels, none were seen. The French Government showed in the instance of the widow of a Jew, who fell in this contest, that they likewise pay attention to the claims of all citizens. But in proportion to the freedom of the Israelites of France from external troubles, must their inferiority in a religious point of view, be acknowledged. The Israelites of France are divided into two classes; the first of which knows religion merely nominally, and breathes the dullest spirit of indifference; the other (Metz and the Alsace) finds its vital air in the greatest bigotry, and has felt very little of the "labours of time." Thus everywhere there is a calm—the Government has no concern with it—the Consistories seem not to care for anything—at least, if we may judge from the signs of life they give; as an honourable exception to which, however, we must mention that of Strasburg. A sharp gad-fly has, therefore, succeeded in making the drowsy horse feel its sting, so as, at last, to hasten its pace. The Tsarphatic dispute, which has got publicity through the "Courier de la Moselle," has probably been the chief cause of the Consistory's at last proceeding to reform the divine worship. In the meantime, a French sermon has been introduced in Paris. Another point of dispute was the Chebrot in Paris, which was suddenly suppressed by Government. It is, therefore, intended to build a separate hospital in its place.

Again was France compelled to make its protest to a neighbouring country, in behalf of the Israelites. The canton of *Basle Campagne* revived suddenly an old law, to refuse to all foreign Jews permission to reside in the country; this having a principal view to the French Jews, the French ambassador sent a very peremptory note to the Diet on the subject; as yet, however, it has not been answered, in consequence of the troubles which soon after spread from Zurich over Switzerland.

In *Austria*, during the past year, no political event affecting the Israelites of any importance has taken place, excepting that in *Hungary*, the Jews were by the Diet, allowed, without restriction, to purchase estates. A general activity, however, was discerned; we have seen the foundation of a new institution laid in the Imperial capital; in Hungary and Moravia, the schools are in a flourishing condition. At all events, this first concession of the Hungarian Diet, must be considered as a most important event.

Prussia has, during the last year, in many ways evinced its tolerating system towards its Jewish subjects, which, in fact, always was its principle, though during late years, it did not appear so conspicuously. The restrictions imposed upon the Israelites at Paderborn, were partly revoked; collections for founding a Jewish faculty of divinity were unconditionally permitted; Dr. Geiger received the citizenship, whereby the Government declared itself favourable to the advancement of the Jews in science and theology. In Berlin and Königsberg, some steps were taken towards the improvement of divine worship.

Also the rest of Germany offers to our view, some important events during the past year. A petition from Christians in favour of the emancipation of the Jews, was presented to the Chambers of *Baden*. The most distinguished among the petitions of Jewish communities, was the one from Heidelburg. Hymns are now introduced into the synagogues. In *Wurtemberg*, the enlightened spirit of the Government, and the noble mind of the King, were manifested by acts. In *Hesse Darmstadt*, a new regulation for the community was fixed upon by the Diet; in Mentz, two Israelites were elected members of the chamber of commerce. In *Frankfort-on-the-Maine*, there arose a violent dispute in the community, respecting improvements in the chief offices, which terminated in favour of the advocates of progressive reform, but has, as yet, been without any important consequences. In *Saxony*, we find that in Dresden, the charge of the Jewish poor was embodied in that of the town; in Leipsic, the ground for building a synagogue upon was granted by the magistrate, and for the first time, a professorship was allowed at the university, for Jewish learning. At the meeting of the Diet, the so-called usury law, which had very much restricted the Jews in trade and busines, was immediately revoked; and in the proposed budget, two hundred dollars are specified to be applied to the Jewish divine service. The Grand Duchy of *Schwerin* made also an important advance, in issuing a statute, uniting the Israelites of the country in one body, founding a directing Rabbinate, promising future improvements, and containing an annual grant of two hundred dollars towards the Jewish worship. In *Hamburgh*, our attention was especially directed to the many active and influential associations, the number of which was increased by the establishment of a large hospital through the munificent liberality of Salomon Heine.

Two neighbouring states of Germany differed, during the past year, most materially from each other, in the course adopted with reference to their Jewish subjects, viz., *Weimar* and *Bavaria*. In the former, the German service was rigorously carried into practice, and its attendance enforced, by refusing to the dissentients, the annual trading licence. Bavaria endeavoured to bring its Jewish subjects, especially the clergy, back to their stationary position. Although, at last, the scientific erudition of the rabbies was required—the new regulations for the community, formerly drawn up, were now introduced—the synagogues and burying-grounds freed from paying taxes—the Jews declared partakers of the common rights of citizens—yet their path was still wavering, and the number of extra payments incumbent upon the Jews, and the severe matricular restrictions, caused the emigration of an unusually large number of Israelites, to seek an uncertain lot in distant parts of the globe.

The Jews of *Palestine* mourned, in the last year, the loss of the great Rabbi Israel Askenasi. In Europe, we witnessed the death of many excellent men, among whom we mention, Peter Beer; Joseph Perl; Moses Sofer; Orenstein, of Lemberg; Bernstein, of Amsterdam; and Lipschitz, of Warsaw.

Three important schools were established, one at Nicholsburg, in Moravia; one at Riga, in Russia; and one at Altona. The school at Seesen was considerable re-modelled."

It is not for us to speculate on the future; but it is a remarkable feature of the times, how the eyes of nations are necessarily and inevitably fixed at present on the East. We find amongst the "signs of the times," many things which are as signs pointing to deeper ideas than ordinarily exercise us, as denizens of a flitting and transitory scene:—signs, perhaps, unimportant in themselves, but aggregated, significant to those willing to be taught. British science has sounded the navigation of the Euphrates—British wealth and valour has purchased and secured a strong hold (Aden) commanding the entrance to the Red Sea—the commercial enterprize of Britain renders Palestine the line of route, and highway between Europe and the East; and finally, British diplomacy has accredited an agent to that Jerusalem which shall yet shine as the PERFECTION OF BEAUTY—THE JOY OF THE WHOLE EARTH. I.

EXTRAORDINARY GROTESQUE GROUP OF SCULPTURE,

IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JAMES, AT ANTWERP.

The accompanying sketch represents a singularly *bizarre* and grotesque assemblage of good and evil genii, assaulting and defending the holy man of God in a season of temptation, negligence, and weakness. The original is to be seen in the church of St. James, at Antwerp. The allegory it portrays is, the malicious attempt of the evil one to extinguish the light of grace; to accomplish which, his fiendish hand clutches one handle of a pair of bellows, pointed in the direction of a flaming candle which, through inadvertency, and want of watchfulness, the unhappy friar has left exposed to the "blasts from hell," and to the breath of the destroyer, by letting the door of his lanthorn fly open. The interposing good angel places his foot on the half-inflated bellows, and with his left hand arrests the right arm of mischief, which was hastening to complete the extinction of the sacred flame by one single touch of the other handle of the wind-charged weapon.

"High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazes,
Fierce as a comet."—*Milton Paradise Lost*, 6, 12.

and the victory over sin is manifested to be complete.

Apart from the mean familiarity of the image employed, the design is marvellously well-executed. It is not at this time known who was the sculptor, to whom the devout are indebted for this almost ludicrous memento. It is as ancient as the fifteenth century, and how it happened to escape the axe and hammer of the Iconoclasts (or image-breakers) headed by the calvinist fanatics in the year 1566, when Flanders was pillaged of more than three-fourths of the sculptured adornments of her churches, seems remarkable enough. Many, however, of the brutal excesses of that wild multitude were perpetrated by night; and the great height at which this group of figures and clouds is erected in one of the side chapels or oratories may have concealed it from their hurried glance, amid the general havoc. The destruction of works of art at that period was frightful; whatever wore the impress of the antagonist creed was hewed and hacked down with furious vindictiveness; as, in like manner, about eighty years afterwards, an unsparing war was waged by the gloomy fanatics of Oliver Cromwell's day in this country, against all those embellishments of art, both in painting or statuary with which the munificence of Roman Catholic devotion had adorned the edifices, whether cathedral, church, chapel, or college, appropriated to its exercise. (MU.)

There is a representation of purgatory, carved in wood, in the church of St. Paul, at Antwerp, formerly belonging to the Dominicans; which, although not having any pretensions, as a superior work of art, is yet worthy of notice. This church also contains some very fine examples of carving—particularly the pulpit; the same may be said of almost every church in Antwerp, and of many others in Ghent, Brussels, Ypres, and other cities of Belgium. The pulpit in the church of St. Pierre, in Ghent, is a magnificent production.

SULPHUR MINES OF NAPLES;

OR, THE SOLFATARA.

NEAR Puzzoli, in Italy, is that great and famous mine of sulphur, called Solfatara.

It consists of an oval plain, about two hundred yards in diameter, surrounded by steep rocks on all sides, which are perpetually decomposing, and falling down in ruins. The plain is elevated about 250 yards above the level of the sea, and is regarded as the crater of an ancient volcano. The plain is sensibly hotter than the atmosphere in the warmest days of summer, and burns the feet through the shoes. From the cavities in this part, vapours exhale which are nothing else than sulphur subliming through the crevices. The sulphur adheres to the sides of the rock, where it forms enormous masses; which sometimes fall down by their own weight. In calm weather the vapours rise twenty-five or thirty feet from the earth.*

In the middle of the plain there is a kind of basin, three feet lower than the rest of the surface, which sounds hollow when any person walks over it, as if there were a great cavern beneath. Further on, is a small lake, called Agano. Beyond this lake, are the excavations from whence the earth is dug, which furnishes the sulphur; it is light and tender. The workmen always dig into the plain for the earth, and neglect the sulphur,† which is formed on the surface in considerable quantities, and of a bright yellow colour. They say the latter has lost its nature, and does not make sulphur of so good a quality as that which is procured from the soft stone under the surface.

Solfatara was styled by the ancients, the "Court of Vulcan,"‡ to the south of the city of Naples. The Solfatara has not emitted flames within the memory of man, so that it is a kind of half extinct volcano; but wet weather increases the quantity of its smoke. Its form is circular, with vines and fruit trees on the outer declivity. Tiles placed over vent holes, and serving as retorts, collect the condensed sulphur.§ Pure virgin sulphur is formed in all the hot crevices of the inside and outside of the cone of the Solfatara.‖

Ever since the days of Pliny, the Solfatara has supplied a considerable part of the sulphur of commerce in Europe. According to M. Breislak, the sulphur is formed by the decomposition of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which is plentifully disengaged in this place.

In token of the great value of these mines, it need only be stated, that the amount of the *pot de vin* alleged to have been received by his Neapolitan Majesty from the Sulphur company, was no less than 1,000,000 ducats, about 175,000*l*.

* Burrowe's Modern Encyc.

† Since these mines have been well worked, they have produced a good revenue, but in Sir William Hamilton's time, owing to the awkward and lazy management, they produced no more than a miserable income of £200.

‡ The ancient name of the Solfaterra, was *Forum Vulcani*, a strong proof of its origin from subterraneau fire.—*Sir W. Hamilton's Campi Phlegræi.* 2 vol. fol. p. 69.

§ Rees Cyclopædia, sub articulo.

‖ Campi Phlegræi. fol. vol. 2, plate liii.

CERTAIN ANTIDOTE TO ARSENIC.

THE efficacy of the hydrated peroxide of iron in counteracting the fatal effects of poisoning by arsenic has already been made public; but a sufficient number of facts had not been furnished, so as to leave no doubt upon the certainty of its action as a specific against arsenical preparations; but the following seven cases remove all credulity upon the point, and it is now incontestibly proved that the peroxide of hydrated iron is a safe, certain, and ready antidote. The subjoined lucid account of the action of the peroxide on the patients, and of its triumphant counteraction of the mortiferous poison, are from the *Medicenische Annalen*:—

On the 9th of October last, Dr. Puchelt, of Berlin, was called to attend Charlotte Lenz, aged 35, who had been taken suddenly ill after her dinner. He found the patient of a death-like paleness, her features contracted. She had trembling fits, her pulse small, frequent, and almost imperceptible to the touch. She suffered also from constant vomitings, accompanied by violent spasms in the region of the stomach. The abdomen was contracted, and little affected by pressure; the tongue pale, but slightly coated.

The patient stated that she had dined at the house of a neighbour, named Bauer, and with three of his children; she had herself cooked the dinner, as the man's wife was not at home. In a quarter of an hour after partaking of some soup, she became so ill that they were obliged to carry her home. Dr. Puchelt repaired to the house where she dined, and found the three children and the father extended on beds, and apparently in the agonies of death. They were all seized with illness shortly after partaking of a few spoonfuls of the soup. One of the children was fifteen months old, the second three years and a half, and the third five years. The father, who took two soup-plates full, and some meat, went to work after dinner, but was obliged to return immediately, in consequence of the violent pains and spasms with which he was seized. He as well as the children exhibited the same symptoms as the female above alluded to. After some inquiries, the medical attendant ascertained that Charlotte Lenz had taken, in mistake for flour, a spoonful of arsenic, kept for destroying rats, and incautiously left in the cupboard.

Dr. Puchelt had fortunately provided himself with some peroxide of hydrated iron, and immediately administered a large spoonful to the father, and a smaller quantity to the children. He then gave Charlotte Lenz a similar portion of the peroxide of iron. Five minutes

after the first dose Bauer, the father, vomited; a second dose (spoonful) was then given, and he became calmer. The children also vomited, but on taking more of the peroxide of iron, were soon relieved, and the two youngest fell asleep. At half an hour after the first dose, an aperient effect was produced upon the father, and the symptoms considerably diminished, the uneasiness and violent colics ceased, and the countenance assumed a natural appearance. Charlotte Lenz was also relieved after the first few doses.

In the evening Bauer and the two youngest of the children were in a satisfactory state; but Charlotte Lenz, who had been previously ill, and the eldest daughter, who had taken very little of the antidote (having obstinately resisted), were not so much recovered as the others; another spoonful was accordingly administered to each. Next morning Bauer could resume his work, and the two younger children had quite recovered. The eldest, however, was still paler, and complained of uneasiness; the abdomen was swollen and tender, and the tongue coated, but what she particularly suffered from, was a violent palpitation of the heart, which came on at intervals; this palpitation was easily heard by the stethoscope, but by no means in unison (synchronous) with the pulse, which continued small. A sinapism was applied to the region of the heart, and another dose of peroxide of iron administered, as also to the female Lenz, who exhibited the same symptoms. Aperient medicine was given in the evening, and with effect; next morning both were much better, palpitations subsided, the pulse became strong, appetite returned, and in a few days the cure was perfected.

On analysing the portion of the soup left, it was found to contain a quantity of white oxide of arsenic. The matter ejected from the stomach was also analysed, and showed the presence of arsenic; in the portions mixed with the peroxide of iron (taken as the antidote) it was ascertained that the peroxide was changed into the arseniate of iron; thus establishing its claims as a specific. Two other cases are detailed, in which two children, one eight years and the other ten years old, had swallowed half a spoonful of arsenic mixed by mistake in some vegetables; they were instantly seized with symptoms similar to the above. The peroxide of iron was administered six hours after the accident, and was attended with complete success.

A GOOD SHOT AND BRAVE MAN.

Upon the French war in Madrid, a Spaniard, who gained his livelihood by the chase, and was an unerring shot, expended eight and twenty cartridges upon the French, bringing down a man with each; when his ammunition was spent, he armed himself with a dagger, and rushing against a body of the enemy, fought till the last gasp.

The Naturalist.

MULBERRY TREES OF FRANCE.

Pope Gregory X. was the first to introduce the mulberry tree and the silkworm into France. This was in his state of Avignon; before that time it was cultivated but little in the west, being confined to the eastern parts of Asia.

In 1495, when the French returned from the Neapolitan conquest, further progress was made. The mulberry tree then began to be cultivated as far north as Allan, near Montélimart: whence it afterwards spread into the Vivarias and Dauphiny. Henry IV., aided by Olivier de Serre, planted the garden of the Tuileries with mulberry trees, and introduced the culture of it at Moulins, Tours, Angers, and Saumur.

It then became gradually acclimated at Paris, which is a northernly situation for so tender a plant, and the effects of the cold and atmospheric changes upon it, are worthy of notice.

It has been ascertained that it is not the great cold of winter that does harm to this plant, since it can support a maximum cold of —25 of the centigrade scale; but rather the hoar frosts that are liable to attack it at the moment of its foliation, when the young green leaf is so tender and susceptible.

To the good growth of this tree, moisture is highly necessary, and light especially so. A tree planted in a sunshiny climate, is remarked to be of a rounder form, the leaves not so long, and more firm, than those of one planted in a district where the sky is often cloudy. It is a well-known fact, that the leaves of the mulberry tree grown in shady situations are not so nutritious as those of a tree which has enjoyed much light, and the workmen commonly say, that leaves of the former kind give the silkworms the dropsy, but by late experimentations,* it has been found, by drying two such sorts of leaves, and subjecting them to certain processes, that the former kind retain of solid matter only 27 per cent, whereas the latter 58 per cent; the difference of light, therefore, producing a difference of 2 to 1 in the value of the leaf for economical purposes.

It had been long known, that certain dews upon the mulberry tree in the Pontine Marshes exercised a most deleterious influence; and, in some cases, those dews had been found highly injurious to small animals. In France, M. Gasparin had frequently remarked that, at certain periods, a peculiar state of the atmosphere, called the *touffe* prevailed, and the mulberry trees suffered greatly during the night-time, and that animals and men also felt an unusual state of languor and uneasiness. The dew, therefore, that fell on nights when the touffe did not prevail, and upon nights when it was powerful, was carefully collected by the experimentalist, and it was found that, when a north wind blew gently (for if it blew

* Made by M. Gasparin, of Paris.

strongly there was no dew) the dew presented all the characteristics of pure water. But when the *touffe* prevailed, and the wind blew from the south, the dew was found to contain a considerable quantity of *hydro-chlorate of sodium*; if it were kept, it emitted, in a few day's time, a decided ammoniacal odour; and if thrown upon fire, a strong smell of sea-plants was developed. This dew, moreover, when given to sheep, rabbits, and other animals to drink, produced death. From such experiments, is it not probable that the causes of certain epidemic disorders, prevalent during summertime, might be satisfactorily determined.

As to the importance of the cultivation of the mulberry tree, and the production of silk-worms, together with the manufacture of silk dependent upon it, it appears that in forty-three departments of France, the annual value of these products is, 42,000,000 francs.

The Public Journals.

Reliquiæ Antiquæ. Scraps from Ancient Manuscripts, illustrating, chiefly, English Literature, and the English Language. No. II. [Pickering.]

[To gather from remote sources—from the dusty rolls of inedited MSS., and the curious documents of the middle-age literature, the literary relics of many hitherto dormant and neglected writings, is the immediate object of this publication: and in an octavo of from 40 to 50 pages, (continued every three months,) we have no inconsiderable portion of the conceits and quaintnesses, the pious legends and bold burlesques, written by the goodmen of that early period. In it are garnered up MS. relics of four centuries, from the scarcest papers in the Oxford and Cambridge libraries, the Harl., Ashmol., Sloan., and Cotton., collections, the Advocates Library, Edinb., with addenda in the possession of the learned editors themselves, or their literary friends. Among the poesies, "I not what I shall synge nor say," and, "I herd a playnt of grete pyte," as also, "Of God and kynde procedith al bewte," are all good specimens, and the last is fraught with Spenserian richness. Let not the general reader repel them, because in the monkish garb, and obsolete investiture of a by-gone age: we warrant the etymology will be found easily understandable without the help of black-letter lexica, if they only spend upon it half the ingenuity they do upon a riddle—that fire-side edition of the Sphynx. First, then, for the Æsculapian department of old medical receipts.]

For him that has the Quinsy.

For hym that haves the squynansy: tak a fatte katte, and fla hit wele, and clene, and draw oute the guttes, and tak the grees of an urcheon, and the fatte of a bare, and resynes, and ginygreke, and sauge, and gumme of wodebynde, and virgyn wax; al this mye smal, and farse the catte within als thu farses a gos, rost hit hale, and geder the grees and enoynt hym tharwith.

For to make the Neck White and Soft.

For to make a womans neke white and softe: tak fresch swynes grees molten, and hennes grees, and the white of egges half rosted, and do therto a lytel popyl mele, and enoynt hir therwith ofte.

For the Collica Passio.

Another for wynd and ventosite, that men callis *collica passio*, and this es wel proved: tak and make the a girdil of seel skyn, and whil thu weres hit aboute thi body thu sal noght have *collicam passionem*.

For to draw out a Thorn.

For to draw oute a thorne: tak the barke of the hauthorne and stamp hit wele in red wyne, and do hit on the sare als hate als thu may suffrye hit; the rancle sal abate, the thorn sal ga oute, the sare sal slake.

For a man that shall begin to Travel.

For a man that sal begyn to travayle: tak mugworte, and cary hit with the, and thu sal noght fele na werynesse, and whare thu dos it in houses na elves na na evyll thynges may come therin, ne qware herbe Jon comes noyther.

For to know if a sick man shall live or die.

For to wete yf a seke man sal lyve or dy.... Qwen his broues hildes doune; the lefte eigh mare than the ryght ye; neyse ende waxes sharp; his ere waxes calde; his eighen waxes holle; the chyn falles; his eighen and his mouth es opon; when he slepes bot he be wont tharto; his ear-lappes waxes lethy; his fete waxes calde; his wambe falles away: if he pulle the straes or the clathes; if he pykes at his neyse thrilles; his forhede waxes rede; yonge man ay wakang; alde man ay slepand; his twa membres waxes calde agayne kynde, and hydes tham; if he rutilla; this er the takenynges of dethe, forsothe witte thu wele he sal noght leve thre dayes.

A Receipt to catch Fishes.

From a quarto Manuscript on vellum, of the beginning of the fifteenth century, in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq., (No 8, fol. 50, r°,) consisting of Astrological, Medical, and Miscellaneous fragments.

To make alle the fisches in a pont to come to thy hond.

Tak palma Christi and frankandsence, and medul hem togedir, and put hit in a fone clowte, and hold the pouder on thi finger that a gold ryng is upon, and wasch thi hond in every corner of the pont, fisches wolle come to thi honde.

[Some of the verses, as we have before said, are singularly sweet, and have about them that old English-ballad simplicity of style which is always so charming: witness the following verses excerpted from]

A SONG OF 'LOVE-LONGING.'

From a 12mo. manuscript on paper of the latter part of the fifteenth century. MS. Sloan. 1584, f. 85. r°. This song has been printed by Ritson.

Grevus ys my sorowe,
Both evyne and moro!
Unto my selfe aloue
Thus do I make mowne:
That unkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to this peyne;
Alas! what remedy?
That I cannot refreyne.

Whan other men doyth sleype,
Thene do I syght and weype,
All raglus in my bed,
As one for paynes neyre ded,
That unkyndnes have kyllyd me,
And putt me to this payne,
Alas! what remedy?
That I cannott refreyne.

* * * *

Alas! I lyve to longe,
My paynes be so stronge;
For comforth have I none;
God wott! I wold fayne be gone!
For unkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to thys payne;
Alas! what remedy?
That I cannott refrayne.

* * * *

O harte! I the bequyeth
To hyme that is my deth,
Yff that no harte haith he,
My harte his schal be;
Thought unkyndnes haith kylled me,
And putt me to this payne;
Yett yf my body dye,
My hertt caunott refreyne.

Placebo, dilexi!
Com weype this obsequye,
My mowrmarus, dolfully,
Come weype this psalmody!
Of unkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to this payne;
Behold this wrechid body,
That your unkyndnes haith slayne.

Now I besych all ye,
Namely that lovers be,
My love my deth forgyve,
And soffer hyme to lyve;
Though unkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to this payne,
Yett haid I rether dye.
For his sake ons agayne.

My tombe ytt schal be blewe,
In tokyne that I was trewe;
To bringe my love frome doute,
Itt shal be writtynge abowte,
That unkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to this payne;
Behold this wrechid body,
That your unkyndnes haith slayne!

Finis. *Amen.*

Hillt.

[Among the Burlesques in prose and verse are indeed many miraculous things, to wit,—]

Syrs, y rede also that ther was wonus a kyng, and he made a gret fest, and he had .iij. kyngus at his feyst, and these .iij. kyngus ete but of wone gruell dysche, and thei ete so nykull that ther balys brast, and owt of ther balys come .iiij. and xx.te oxon playng at the sword and bokelar.

Syrs, what tyme that . . . . Seynt Petur come to Rome, Petur askud Adam a full greyt dowtfull question, and seyd, "Adam, Adam, why ete thu the appull unpard?—"For sothe," quod he, "for y had no wardyns fryde." And Petur saw the fyr, and dred hym, and steppud into a plomtre that hangud full of rype redde cherys. And ther he see all the perretes on the see. Ther he saw stedus and stockfesche pryckyng swose in the watur. Ther he saw hennus and heryngus that huntod aftur hartus in heggys. Ther he see elys rostyng larkus. Ther he se how haddoccus wer don on the pelare, for wrong rostyng of may buttur; and ther he se how bakers boke buttur to grece with olde munkus botus. Ther he se how the fox prechyd, and charged, and commanded that noo mon &c. &c.

[The last which we shall at present give, is one from a MS. in the Advocate's Library (MS. Jac., v. 7, 27,) of the 15th century: there is also another copy of the same, which was communicated to the editors by Sir Frederick Madden, and is also preserved in the MS. Porkington, No. 10, f. 152, written in the reign of Edward IV., on vell. and paper, preserved in the library of W. O. Gore, Esq., of Shropshire. Our abstract is from the first: for facetiousness and whimsicality it is unsurpassable.]

Grand Concert of the Fishes.

Herkyn to my tale that I schall to yow schew,
For of seche mervels have ye hard bot few;
Yf any of them be ontrue that I schall tell yow aftur,
Then wax I as pore as tho byschop of Chestur.
As I rode from Durram to Dowre I fond by tho hee strete
A fox and a fulmarde had .xv. fete;
Tho scate scalldyd tho rydlyng and turnede of his skyn;
At tho kyrke dore called the codlyng, and badd lett hym yn.
Tho samoud sang tho hee mas, tho heyryng was hys clarke,
On tho orgons playde tho porpas, ther was a mere warke.
Ther was a grete offeryng in that kyrke that dey;
Ther was that I schall reykyn in a gud arey.
Ther were wessels and waspes offeryng carte-sadule;

* * * *

Tho hadoke hyde hym, behynd he wolde not be;
With hym rode tho stok-fysch that was semely to se.

* * * *

Tho turbot and tho thornebacke and tho grete whall;
Tho oystur hade to horschone, and offerd therwithall;
Tho crabe, and tho lopster ther were withall.
I toke a peyny of my purse, and offerd to hom all
For this offerand was made, tho sothe yf I schall sey
When Mydsomer evyn fell on Palmes sounndey.
Fordurmore I went, and moo marvels I founde;
A norchon by tho fyre rostyng a greyhownde.

* * * *

Tho breme went rownd abowt, and letto hom all blode;
Tho sow sate on hye benke, and harpyd Robyn-Howde;
The fox fydylyd, tho ratton rybybyd, tho larke noty with all;
Tho hombull-be hondyld tho horne-pype, for hur fyngurs were small.

* * * *

In a symphon sange tho snype with notes of tho nyghtgale.
Yf all thees be trwe that bene in this tale,
God as he madde hus, mend hus he mey.
Save hus and sende hus sum drynke for this dey.
Amen.

[There is nothing new under the sun:—Was it not from this, or some very similar scrap of old monkish fun, that Roscoe obtained the idea of his "Butterfly's Ball and Grasshopper's Feast."]

New Books.

Spartacus, the Roman Gladiator; a Tragedy, in five Acts, by Jacob Jones, Esq., Barrister at Law, and of Brazen-Nose College, Oxford. With extracts from his "Longinus," and "Stepmother."* [Ridgway.]

["More of an antique Roman than a Dane," is the author of these Tragedies, and one who, had his lot fallen in Cicero's time, would have done well in the "College of Augurs." Spartacus has about it much manliness of diction, and strength of structure. The plot turns upon the revolt of the Roman Gladiators, in the trainage of Batiatus, a large slaveholder, who are stung by their sufferings to attempt a disenthralment. This they by force effect—slay Batiatus, load themselves with his coin—and then, in defiance against universal Rome, secure themselves in the Campan fastnesses. Spartacus is ringleader of the insurrectionary horde, and these their sentiments.]

'Tis time your lordly losers should discern,
Our strength, our deeds, our numbers lift us up
To rank among the foremost, and to claim,
(A claim we will support against the world,)
To be esteem'd an independent power,
And dealt with as a lawful enemy.

* * * *

Tremble, proud Rome! two hundred youths remain,
As reckless, and as resolute—we've sworn
To glean thy great ones, and thy seven hills,
With Spartacus, the terrible in war,
The Gladiator who for empire fights,
To scalp them of their artificial crown,
Your halls, your palaces, your towers, your domes,
And cast your giant domination down.

Omens for Spartacus.

Since he has men by myriads on his side,
They add him vantage of ten thousand omens—
The sacred chickens keep a solemn fast;
The birds fly lucklessly; dogs howl to dogs,
And bay the full meridian; dumb men speak;
Eclipses darken us both sun and moon;
The Idiot of the Three Ways saw the stars
Shining by day, and straightway found his wits;
And yester eve, to spread the panic more,
A victim there was slain without a heart?

Visions of a Dreamer.

It blew a hurricane—I could not hear
The challenge of the watch—lo! with a crash,
The Camp, the Earth, the Night, seem'd wrapt in flame;
And, in the heart of the flash, some distance north,
I see two figures struggling up the wind,—

* * * *

the storm comes on,—
A battle raging, Spartacus in front,
His war-horse snorting flames, himself a God,—
Earthquakes succeed—stars, falling from their spheres,
Strike hills, and temples—now the world's on fire!—
An army crucified beneath the glare.—

A Mind Serene and above Common Commotions.

How is it that the elemental war,
The furious striving of the winds and waves,
The jar of nature, and the ocean's whirl,
The sea-cries, and the lightnings, and the thunder,
Should breathe a grateful calm upon my mind,
And soothe its storms, and lay its passions still?

[The light in which Mr. Jones views Crassus is remarkable, for he makes him no better than a trafficker in human flesh—an ancient sort of African slaveholder. He is represented as despatched to quell these turbulent Helotry of Rome. By envoys, therefore, he offers Spartacus *his life*, on condition of immediate surrender: then breaks from the emancipator's lips this proud outburst and fine taunt:]—

He spare my life? Is Crassus grown so great
To share with Jove the thunder-sent on high,
And rob the fatal Sisters of their shears?
He spare my life!—

A Towering Spirit.

Shall I, shall Spartacus, your leader stoop,
And condescend to parley on these terms?
I—Spartacus—a conqueror—your sole head?
Ay, let them shout to shake the very spheres,
Or loose the o'erfrowning firmament to fall,
I am a victor, churls! I will not bow,
Nor brook dictation where 'tis mine to dictate!

A lunar Portent.

Last night the Moon glar'd strangely on my sight,
Belted around with circles of pale light
Breadth unto breadth succeeding—and the stars
Made signals through the void—great nature seem'd
Electrical with portent, on my soul
Crowding prognostication.

[After sundry diplomatic interviews and well-wrought scenes, the whole closes with the concussion of the hostile battalions, the death-agony of Spartacus, and the self-immolation of the heroine Camilla.

Pass we to the "Extracts from Longinus, a Tragedy:"]—

A Nervous Thought.

Heav'n rest his bones!
Sackcloth I'd wear for all my life to come,
And daily scatter ashes on my head,
Any equivalent penance for my joy,
Could she, with some strong agony of prayer,
Summon that sleeper to our rescue,
Or could the earthquake-clang, around our walls,
Alarum from his shroud that man of men,
And trump a resurrection of his powers.

Address of a Sun-Adorer.

Thou source of light and life whom we adore
With willing sacrifice and frequent prayer,
Hallow our offering, beatific power!
With circling light, and all-pervasive heat,
Begetting and sustaining Nature's frame!—
Primeval Essence! mystic Splendour, hail!
In vesture of self-emanative flame,
Gorgeously marching as behoves a God
Enduring, and, for ever, to endure.

Longinus passing to Execution.

Lon. Weep not for me, my friends! weep for yourselves,
Your country lost, your captive, hopeless, lot.
I shall not be denied a parting word?
'Tis a long journey I am call'd to take! [*to Capt. of Guard.*
As I do stand upon the verge of doom,
Solemnly I declare I would not live,
Nor change my state with any man on earth.
This world, what is it but a mighty gaol,
A spacious prison-house, and not our home?
Then happy he who, like your happy friend,
Escapes the first, and first indeed is free.

Friends. Alas, the day! Oh! bless us ere you die.

Lon. That which most likens us unto the gods,
Is, to be courteous and to speak the truth—
This is the blessing I bequeath you, friends!
The blessing of good precepts you may hoard
For after guidance through the maze of life.
What are we?—what is man? Is he not form'd
A being not ignoble, nor tied down
To earthly grossness—capable of heaven?
Is he not sent into this life below,

* This play is about to appear at the Bath Theatre.

The soul-pervaded universe around,
As to a congregation of his kind,
To be spectator of the wondrous whole,
And, in the mighty amphitheatre,
To agonize, ambitious for renown?
Nature, unto this end, implants in us
Invincible desires of what is great,
And nearest to the essence of the gods.
Not the whole world, and all that are therein,
Can fill the truth-investigating mind
Of man, that overleaps the bounds of space,
And claims its kindred with eternal Good,
The beautiful, and the magnificent,
Proclaiming we are born for things above.

[Bravo, Sir Jacob, in that last paragraph, great as the greatest. Honour be to thee for the sublimity of the thought, every way worthy of thy noble martyr.]

Extracts from the "Stepmother," a Tragedy.

Bert. My own caressing girl, my darling Julia,
In whom the grace of gentleness divine,
And that rare union of such delicate charms
As, in the heavenly aggregate produce
A paragon of feminine perfection—
In whom this round of loveliness and beauty,
Asks nothing to fulfil its pensive sweetness!

Step. Should my transcendant crime shut heaven against me.
Aaon, with all the doom'd since the creation,
We'll wage assault upon the heaven of heavens,
Till the unquellable commotion shake
With spiritual, and elemental jar,
The cherubim-environ'd throne of God!

Bert. Good night—a legion of bright angels guard you,
And beatific visions, in your slumbers,
Lead you from Paradise to Paradise,
Joyous beyond expression.

Prior. You shall not leave,
Till that most sumptuous beauty of your face,
The sweet-hymn'd choir of yon celestial dome
Descend to view, on plumes of roseate dye,
Feast, (to the music of their envious wings
That spread a fluttering canopy above,)
The new-born rapture of the holy Prior.

[On the whole, we are well pleased with our author—there is a pure classicality pervading his expressions, and an elevated tone of thought. With such fair powers, he ought to carve out his way before the world. But, Jacob, the *Law* is a jealous mistress.]

Anecdotiana.

THE NOBLE MAN AND DEGENERATED BOOT-MAKER; OR EFFECTS OF DRUNKENNESS.

It was the constant endeavour of a certain nobleman, now deceased, to discover and reward talent and genius of any description possessed by persons in humble life. Having received a supply of boots from the tradesman he usually employed, he was so much pleased with the neat workmanship as to request an interview with the man who made them, and accordingly received the address of Mr. Patrick Mahoney, who lived in an obscure street some distance off: our son of the "gentle craft" was hard at work when his Lordship called, who asked him whether he would like to execute an order on his own account; if so, he would give him an order for half a dozen pair of boots. Mahoney began laughing and scratching his head; on being asked his reason for doing so, he replied he was wondering where the money would come from to buy the leather; his patron immediately removed that difficulty, by paying him a sum of money in advance, and a part of the order was to be completed by a certain day. The day arrived, and his lordship called to see how matters went on. Pat, elated with his success, had been indulging in the interval, and was then sleeping off the effect of his last night's intemperance. Mrs Mahoney endeavoured to excuse her husband by saying he had been to a wake, and was a small matter overcome, but the boots would certainly be completed in a couple of days—their kind employer promised to call again at the time appointed, and bring with him a friend, who, if the order was executed to their satisfaction, would also give a similar one—but alas, Mr. Mahoney had spent a good part of the money entrusted to him, and, finding it now a desperate case, resolved on enjoying himself with the remainder; two days elapsed, when his lordship called as appointed, accompanied by Col. ——— of the guards, who was dressed in his regimentals. They found Mrs. Mahoney rating and scolding her husband, as he lay in one corner of the room, in a state of utter insensibility from drink: finding how affairs stood, their patron said he should not give himself the trouble of calling again, on which Mrs. M. began pummeling her better half, as he lay, exclaiming at the same time, "Mahoney, Mahoney, get up ye baste ye, here's the lard and a souldier, and they've disorther'd all the boots!" W. S. L.

RUINS OF BABYLON.

Babylon, though utterly ruined, and the haunt of loathsome creatures, is not altogether deprived of the vestiges of man's vicinity—you see villages and date-groves, and cultivation in various places around, and the walls of Hillah remind one, that something of a city exists within view; so that the image of utter desolation is disturbed, and the frame of mind with which the scene is viewed, is apt to suffer a corresponding re-action. On the whole, I was certainly deeply-interested by the view of these relics of what once was one of the wonders of the world; but as to all those indescribable emotions, which travellers seem to hold it a duty to feel in such places, and particularly on this spot, I must plead guilty to a sin against feeling and propriety, if such it be; for truly I experienced little of them. The truth is, that those who are accustomed to scenes of wide-spread barren nature, and whose imaginations have been somewhat *dulled* by the hard, and matter-of-fact realities of life, require something more intrinsically striking and tangible than anything that appears at Babylon, to call forth their enthusiasms; and such, I confess, was the case with me. I was more impressed with the solitary ghastliness of the old city of Eerij, at Vuromeen, near Tehrán, with its old, white,

furrowed wall, standing almost entire, but utterly tenantless and deserted, than with all I saw this day. The one was like the skeleton of a mighty place—it still retained some fearful connection with humanity—it put one in mind of the terrible spectre-ship of Coleridge, which, deserted by her crew, had drifted for years and years over the ocean, till bleached to fearful whiteness by the storms of an unknown period. The other is that skeleton mouldering into dust, which we cannot distinguish from other clay—like the stranded vessel that has rotted on the beach, and whose timbers, already fallen to pieces, suggest no notion of the gallant ship that, long instinct with life, breasted the waves of the ocean.—*Fraser's Travels in Koordistan.*

The Gatherer.

It is a remarkable coincidence, that there were five kings (including Cromwell as one) between the reigns of Elizabeth and Anne; and five also between the reigns of Anne and Victoria.

The Art Union.—Of the names of the successful candidates at the annual meeting on Monday last, the first sixty drawn, entitled the owners to prints on India paper; and these were followed by forty-two picture prizes. Lord Prudhoe obtained a picture of the value of 15*l.* The 80*l.* prize fell to the lot of Mr. R. Balchin, of Godalming; Mr. C. Pigeon, of Reading, held that of 100*l.*; and Mr. W. Boyd, of Plaistow-bridge, Bromley, Kent, the highest prize, 200*l.*

Milk.—A lad, on delivering his milk a few mornings ago, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied with much simplicity, "unless they put in *warm* water instead of *cold!*"

Absence of Mind.—The following is the last instance of absence of mind. A man thinking he was at home a few evenings since, laid down in the park, and put his boots outside the gate to be blacked in the morning.

The days which succeed brilliant entertainments are always melancholy; but those which follow days of study are delicious; we have gained something, we have acquired some new knowledge, and we recall the past day, not only without disgust and without regret, but with consummate satisfaction.

The Académie des Jeux Floraux of Toulouse awarded its annual prizes on the 10th instant. They were eight in number; among the successful articles were several pieces of good poetry, which were rewarded by gold lilies bestowed on their authors. The prize of the *églantine dorée* was not awarded this year; a silver *pensée* was given in stead.

Tanning.—An improvement, it is stated, has been made in the process of tanning, by an individual near Bristol. The hides are subjected to it by being disposed on rollers, which accelerates the work, and finishes it in a more perfect manner than heretofore by prolonged immersion in the pits.

Volcano.—A submarine volcano has lately been observed near the site where an island was thrown up in 1831, between Sicily and Pantellaria.

Ancient Coins.—Some sixteen or seventeen very ancient gold coins (said to be of the time of Ethelred) have been dug up in Eastcheap, near Pudding-lane, on the premises of Mr. Taylor, the city plumber. The men, it is to be regretted, sold them to a silversmith, and he to a Jew; but hopes are entertained that they may have been preserved from the melting pot.

March of Science.—A question was lately submitted to the Court of Cassation, in Paris, whether the *cut* of a pair of pantaloons was an invention worthy of a patent. It was answered in the negative.

Bendable Stone.—In the museum of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, one object of curiosity is a bending or elastic stone. This stone is apparently of granite, is about two and a half feet by six inches in length and breadth, and about an inch thick. This stone, being lifted at one end, yields to the pressure, and from the half begins to bend as it is lifted, and as the lifted end is raised the bend approaches nearer to the further extremity. On the lifting power becoming relaxed the stone reverts to its former level.—*Calcutta Paper.*

Transparent Water.—When the Doge of Venice next marries the sea, he should come to Skye, where his bride may be seen in her utmost possible beauty, with

"Weeds that sparkle, and with waves that blaze."

On approaching the shore, we saw into the clear crystal depths so distinctly, that you might have read a newspaper lying underneath.—*Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.*

Vale, Valete! * * * * And now, farewell April, peace be with thee for a mild and merry month! And, were it not that a milder and merrier, and one that wept less, were at the threshold, we should not have a smiling face to welcome it in; but, when May—

With her sunny curls
Beckons us at the gate,
We were but unmannerly churls
To weep and let her wait."

Colburn's Calendar.

Gaieties of Spring-time.—"About this time of year," saith the complete English Gentleman's Calendar, "you may look for the first whispers of language-masters, road-books, travelling carriages, couriers, and passports; the reviewer may also expect a fair proportion of 'Guides,' 'Pictures,' and 'Itineraries,' if the weather continue fine."

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